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T H E
Welch Traveller ;
O R, T H E
Unfortunate Welchman.

If any Gentleman does want a Man,
As I doubt not but some will want, and then,
I have a Welchman, though but meanly clad,
Will make him merry, be he ne'er so sad;
If that you'll read t, read it thro', I pray,
And you'll not think your penny thrown away.



Printed and Sold in Aldermay Church-Yard London

Welch Traveller: O. M. T. H. Unfortunate Welchman.

It was Godwin who was a man
As I do not know him, and he
I have a Welchman, and he
Will, and he was a man
In that you read a story
And, out of that story, a story



and this is the story of the Welchman

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For as hur gaz'd on the sky,
For want of better wit,

Into a great deep pit,
Had not a shepherd seen hur friend,
And help'd her out about

T H E

Welch Traveller.



N th's dull age to recreate
the mind; or friends and strangers,
Hur tells hur of her evil fate,
And hur unlook'd for dangers.

Was travel o'er the mountains high,
And in the vallies low,

Was seen great wond'rs in the sky,

That little others know.

Hur was a Welch Astrologer,

Was tell of matte's strange,

So deep, so learn'd, was to tell hur

How oft the moon doth change;

Was tell hur too in loving words,

Things shall be as before,

When Englishmen lay down their swords,

And mean to fight no more.

But all these things hur would pass by,

As matters light and small;

Hur knows not her own destiny,

And that's the worst of all.

For

For as hur gaz'd on the Sky,
 For want of better wit,
 Poor Taffy fell immediately
 Into a great deep pit.
 Had not a shepherd been hur friend,
 And help'd her quickly out



Hur surely then had had a lindy
 Hur makes no other doubt
 Hur gave hur thanks, the shepherd then
 Spake to her as 'twas said,
 Bid hur and such like, for many a day
 Look petter to the moon
 Hur soperly walk'd on the way
 And meat was all her share
 O hur was hungry and cold
 Hur st erth began to fail
 Hur had no silver nor no gold
 Hur tells hur what her ail
 Hur sold hur lousy jerkin then,
 But one poor groat was given,
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O hur was then a shentleman, who q
 Hur thought hur was in heaven
 For hur had money just to buy,
 Victuals for a meal;
 That hur might not with hunger die,
 Nor yet be forc'd to steal
 Into an alehouse went hur straight,
 Where an old wife did live,
 Who sold meat at four dear a brace,
 And not ing had tongue
 Hur sat hur down, and called for meat,
 Hur hostels brought her eggs
 Had thicken in them, O, base shade, help
 These thicke s they had legs
 Hur thicken and hur eggs did sink,
 Hur could no longer stay,
 Had they been living hur does think,
 They'd surely run away
 And so hur brought hur stinking fish,
 Which hur has not forgotten
 Because hur could not eat of them,
 They were so very rotten
 Hur cast both legs, and fish, and all,
 Into her hostels' face,
 And then to speeing hur does fall,
 Was in a pteous case
 The hostels cry'd out mightily,
 And call'd her son-in-law,
 Who beat poor Taffy piously
 The like her never saw
 Those heavy blows hur still d feel,
 Were aid on her, alas
 As is her pody had been steel,
 And pones been made of prafs

The

The cruel p'ows hur did receive,
 From that hard heart d'elf,
 Was t'ell her, if hur give her leave,
 Made her bewray herself,
 Was tell her how herself was freed,
 Was sei'n to use her wit,
 With all dexterity and speed,
 Was tell her was besहित,
 Was put her hands in hur bricks,
 And pull from tween hur thighs,
 A thing was made of cheese and lek,
 And cast it in her eyes,
 Hur glad was got from t'ose two devils,
 From Son and the old Ha,
 In the midit of these woeful evils,
 There's none had cause to brag,
 My pon's did ac'e, their eyes did smart,
 And such a stink was there,
 That men could not with all their art,
 Make sweet in half a year,
 But still her knows no what to do,
 Hur hunger to suffice,
 At length with walking to and fro',
 An appl.-tree: hur spies:
 The apple-tree d'd tempting seem
 Did move her into laughter,
 No d'ays hen hur could bear,
 Her shop did o much wa'er.
 Up into he tree hur ges
 The owner came anon,
 Made hur almost besides hur wits,
 A cr el fight began.
 He pelted hur with large hug:
 And hur did apples cast,

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The stones did not benumb her pones,
 That done hur come at last,
 When hur was down, mark what befell,
 Hur hostes and her son,
 Came running when they were well,
 Beholding what was done:
 They council take and did agree,
 More mischief to befall,
 They said they'd hang her on a tree,
 And hur should pay for all,
 For to escape from this ungodly train,
 It was hur chief desire.
 Hur cried out with might and main,
 Your houses are on fire.
 A gallant trick this was of mine,
 All to escape her foes;
 A man was singing of a swine,
 From whence the smoke arose:
 They ran with speed to quench the fire
 That never was begun,
 And glad was hur they did retire,
 That her away might run.

The cruel p'ows hur did receive,
 From that hard heart d'elf,
 Was t' ll her, if hur give her leave,
 Made her bewray herself, for a vict'ry
 Was tell her how herself was freed,
 Was sei n to use her wit,
 With all dexterity and speedy
 Was tell her was belitt'ed w' old man
 Was put her hands in hur b'icks,
 And pull from tw'een hur th'ighs,
 A thing was made of cheese and l'ek,
 And cast it in her eyes,
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 From whence the smoke arose:
 Th y ran with speed to quench the fire
 That never was be n,
 And glad was hur they did retire,
 That her away might run.

Hur then into a hedge did creep

Thinking to take a nap.

Hur then did sit hur down and weep,

Lamenting her mishap;

But at length a youth came by,

With him a pretty lass;

These lovers did not her espy,

But sat them on the grass;

Then to this maid a ring he gave,

Which she did well accept:

Then with a kiss did him believe,

And he into her nest

The ring it seems did prove so wide,

Which gallantly did shine.

Quite off her finger it did slide,

And so at length was mine.

Hur put hur up into hur poke,

Away her went again.

For why hur was afraid the folk

Would quick return again:

But Fortune often plays the jade,

She's seldom constant known;

For why at last hur was betray'd,

Hur could not keep hur own.

For going thro' a town, God wot,

Against some ill-bred curs,

Hur shewed it to a chattering trot,

Who said the ring was her's,

Cott splutter-a-nails was tell a lie

Hur found it as hur went,

But she used such extremity,

As prought her discontent,

Before a justice brought her then,

And there hur kept such stir,

The

The justice said before all men,

Surely the ring was her's.

Hur called the justice great Boobie,

That hur received such knocks.

The justice made no more ado,

But set hur in the stocks.

The boys did peer hur to hur face,

And call'd hur thief and leavie.

O was not this a sad mistake,

That boys should her out-brave.

Now hur was marking what has been,

Now mark but this one thing,

The man and maid came by at last,

That lost this gay gold ring,

The shentleman hur pray hur stay,

And likewise this fair maid,

Did hur not lose such a ring,

Regard hur what hur said.

They wondered how he came to know

That they had lost this thing:

Nor did they know what they could do,

All to regain this ring,

A woman cheated hur of it.

Hur kept such deadly stirs;

For want of honesty or wit,

The Justice said, 'Twas her's.

And can you tell where she doth dwell.

That wrought you this despite?

For ought her knows she is in hell,

She's such a wicked wight.

But a small lad was just hard by,

Told them where she did live,

The Author of this villainy,

A groat to him they give,

Unto

Unto this woman's house they go,
Before a Justice bring her,



Where she was cast, with small ado,
And in the stocks they sing her.
Now Taffy had his heart's desire,
He had our company:
But when he did begin to jeer,
She in his face did fly.
Moreover as I understand,
To add to this disgrace,
The quean she pissed in her hand,
And threw it in hur face.
Cor's plutter-a-nails bestrew hur heart,
Was scurvy quean and whore;
Hur scratch'd hur face it do smart,
Which made hur cry and roar,
Too soon I wish h'r here, said he,
But now I wish hur further,
O that from her I might get free,
F fear there sh.uld be murder.

The

The company that stood about,
 Did laugh at him a good;
 And very friendly help'd him out,
 Because he pleas'd their mood.
 Now glad was he, he out did go,
 And left his foe behind;
 But he did grieve at nothing so
 As loss of the gold ring.
 He did not know what then to do,
 Or where to lay that night,
 But he did wander to and fro,
 And kept from people's sight,
 Unto a house he came,
 The people absent were;
 No maid, no master, nor no dame,
 And he enter'd there.
 Unto a smoky loft he climb'd,
 And to the bacon crept;
 Now Taffy was a jovial man,
 His heart within him leapt:
 He eat the bacon which was raw,
 No bread at all he had,
 Resolved to feed his hungry maw,
 Most heartily he fed,
 Taffy fill'd his pocket too beside,
 Which might serve for to-morrow,
 He k-e-w he must not there abide,
 Which was the fruits of sorrow,
 But at length the maid came in,
 Then he could not get out,
 To study how he doth begin,
 To bring this thing about.
 At length hur was resolv'd to keep
 All night until the morrow.

For

For they two should have a fray,
 That might encrease hur sorrow,
 Well, now the luffy ploughman came,
 To feed and to carouse;
 But for the master and the dame,
 They supp'd at t'other house:
 But time brings all things to an end,
 And home the woman came,
 With her husband, her best friend,
 Who was a cock o'th' game.
 They wish'd the maid to go to bed,
 She would not be entreated;
 While Taffy on the bacon fed,
 And bravely he was seated.
 For he upon the saddle sat,
 Unknown, unseen by all;
 Being all bedaub'd with bacon fat,
 Not dreaming he should fall:
 They warm'd their hands and feet,
 The man he waggin grows.
 For why he thought it n't unmeet
 To play with his wife's toes:
 Thou hast a pretty foot, said he,
 A handsome leg beside,
 A soft plump thigh, a fair white knee,
 Which I have nigh espy'd.
 Now Taffy had a great desire
 To play the saucy Jack,
 For peeping down he fell in the fire,
 The saddle on his back,
 I've brought the saddle home he cry'd,
 I borrow'd of your maid:
 The man and woman slept aside,
 For they were sore afraid.

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They cried out most pitiously,

Their case was so evil,

Hoe Cob! hoe Cob! rise speedily,

And help to kill the devil,

So when the ploughman did awake,

The best was but a clown,

They each of them a cudgel take,

And knock poor Taffy down,

The bacon fried in his poke,

Which moved them to a laughter,

While he lay broiling in the smoke,

And cur'd them ever after.

Then tumbled out, and thus did lay,

I take this thing in huff,

Pray give me leave to go my way,

Hur has had punishment enough,

The good man quickly did agree

And jeer'd him with this whimsey,

Pray if you come again, said he,

Friend don't come down the chimney,

The night was cold and dark, God wot,

But Taffy he was hot;

Then he's afraid of every dog,

When he was out of town,

Almost as naked as a frog,

With grief he set him down,

Upon a bed of nettles there

Which stung him grievously,

What with pain, grief, and care,

He wish'd he might die,

Then all in darkness travelled,

His nettled feet did smart,

His blister'd feet were gravelled,

Which griev'd him to the heart.

Yet

(14)
Yet he was musing in his mind,
What house to go to next,
Where he might some provision get,
Since nothing more perplex'd.
Tho' he had bacon, in his poke,
Might yield him some relief.
Yet Taffy, I have heard it spoke,
Was bred and born a thief,
When hur saw people work or toil,
Hur shentleman was porn;
What was hur think hur horse or mule,
To work her think it scorn.
By this time it was break of day,
And hur a barn esy'd,
Hur had not been in half an hour,
Or hardly set hur down,
But Gypsies came, in number four,
That trudg'd from Guildford Town:
That took poor taffy for a spright,
And stood upon their guard;
They were prepar'd with him to fight,
Which when he saw and heard,
Hur cry'd out, hur was a man,
Tho' by misfortunes crost,
Thus hur did swear by good St. Nan,
Hur wits we e almost lost;
Hur told them all hur travel great,
And hur misfortunes many,
So oft hur had been kick'd and beat,
No comfort had from any:
And all because hur would not work,
But lead an idle life,
And up and down the country lurk,
The cause of all hur strife.

Kind

Kind friend, said they, you shall be one

Of our fraternity;

We live as you do, easily,

But have our wits about us,

We never suffer injury,

Nor give them cause to flout us.

I am your servant and your friend,

Poor Taffy then reply'd,

I hope my grief is at an end,

If I with you abide.

The first design we set upon,

If you'll our secrets keep,

Shall be for ought we know anon,

When people are asleep.

And what is that? said Taffy then,

I do desire to know?

You look like plain good dealing men,

What is it I must do?

Nothing but rob a house said they,

Of bacon we tell you;

Quoth he I was in such a fray,

Here's some I pray fall too,

Then pull'd out of his poke,

The bacon it was warm;

Said he, this was in fire and smoke,

But I had all the harm.

He showed his burned back and side,

His hands and eke his face,

They laughed at his burned face,

Which he took in disgrace.

They eat the bacon greedily,

But they found bread and drink,

They praised it exceedingly,

Altho' the same did stink,

Kind

Well,

Well now themselves to sleep they lay.

No dangers them afright,

They all concluded at the last,

A rope should them befriend,

And when the danger it was past,

It might be Taffy's end.

This practice wise men will observe,

A subtle villainy:

Some care not if their country starve,

So they gain thereby:

Taffy, said they, your office mind,

We'll let you down the chimney,



With this same rope, and you shall find

'Twill be a gallant whimsey.

When thou art down the bacon bind,

With this rope we give you,

Then we to you must sure be kind,

And by the same relieve you.

When

When this is done, observe us well,
 We strait then up will haul you,
 And as you think us honest men,
 Think not that we will fail you:
 They let him down to work he falls,
 The bacon strait doth bind,
 The gypsies up the bacon haul,
 And leave the fool behind,
 Taffy, we thank you for our swine,
 But can no longer stay,

The bacon's ours, the halter's thine,
 Make haste and get away.

Sharpe take you all to serve hur so,
 Hur best days now are gone,
 Now out, alas! hur cannot get,
 Hur now is sure undone.

Was find her heart to hang herself,

They'll take hur for a thief,

More misery must hur endure,

And so add grief to grief.

Or else to broil her on the coals,

As they did once before :

Hur must be here let what will come,

Hur face the worst of evil,

Hur must not speak, hur being dumb,

They'll take her for the devil.

Hur all bedaub'd herself with crock,

I'm sure that that will scare hur,

And stand as still as any stock,

No matter though they jeer hur,

Taffy now does domineer,

With face as black as hell,

Hur means to put them all in fear,

That in the house do dwell.



When

Then

Then into the house hur come,
 Unto the cupboard goes,
 The bread and butter he bethumbs,
 At last the maid arose,
 But seeing there his ugly face,
 She cried out amain;



So run up stairs in little space,
 For fear she should be slain,
 Master, quoth she, O save my life,
 In such a fear he put her.
 The devil is below she cry'd,
 Cutting bread and batter,
 What art thou mad, said he, my wench,
 Or art thou in a dream?
 He took a sword that on the bench,
 And down at length he came:
 The good wife cried out amain,
 Heaven keep us from all evil:

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Good husband come to-bed again,
 And help to kill the devil.
 But when he came the devil to eye,
 He looked mighty pale;
 His courage then he durst not try,
 His manhood now doth fail:
 The man afraid, the devil afraid,
 Stood gazing at each other,
 And the good wife and the maid
 Call'd up the good man's brother;
 Brother lend me your sword, said he,
 And I'll lend you my aid;
 But when he came the devil to see,
 He was as much afraid.
 When Taffy saw them all amaz'd,
 He stoutly march'd away,
 Upon each other then they gaz'd,
 And had no more to say:
 They dined well, mark what ensu'd,
 When as they came to sup,
 They miss the bacon, and conclude
 The devil had eat it up.
 Now Taffy is a lusty blade,
 Possessed with strange fits.
 Made all the children sore afraid,
 Almost beyond their wits:
 The children hiding-places sought,
 He put them in such fear;
 Left Taffy, who the devil was thought,
 Should them in pieces tear.
 The women at this matter frown'd,
 And they conclude with speed,
 To beat the devil out of town,
 Who did this mischief breed.

With

With shovels, staves, spades, and stones,
 They beat poor Taffy too,
 That they had almost broke his bones,
 Which cruelty doth shew.
 Upon his hands and knees he creeps,
 To shew that he was lam'd,
 And then he sits him down and weeps,
 His courage now is tam'd.
 Unto the church at last goes he,
 To hide him out of sight,
 For there he thought he should be free,
 From all their hate and spight,
 Within a pew he closely lay,
 All night until the morrow;
 Until the sexton came, they say,
 Which did encrease his sorrow.
 Taffy peep'd out with his black snout,
 Which made him fore afraid.
 He like a mad man ran about,
 And called aloud for aid.
 Art thou the devil, quoth they, that
 Doth scare our children so?
 Or art thou some distracted ghost.
 That wonderest to and fro?
 No, hur is Taffy, was a man,
 Of flesh, of blood, and bone,
 Will not believe hur, scel hur then,
 Or else let hur alone.
 Thou art a counterseit quoth they,
 A false deceiving Knave;
 Come gentlemen, bring him away,
 That he his reward may have.
 Two hundred men to guard him then,
 With muskets and with swords,

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And they were not the meanest men
 The country did afford.
 Taffy with them long time did trudge,
 His heart was very sad.
 They brought him before a Judge,
 Where he his judgement had :
 He was to stand in the pillory,
 For one long hour or more,



That the children him might spy,
 hat he had scar'd before.
 And many against him came.
 Running with all speed,
 And their indictments now do frame.
 If you please them to read.
 Would you hear more, in time you may,
 My pen's at your commanding,
 I've got no more as yet to say,
 For there I left him standing.

TAFFY'S

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and they were not the meanest men
The country did abound
With them long time and true
His heart was very sad
They brought him before a judge
Where he his judgement had
He was to stand in the pillory
For one long hour or more



That the children him might spy
That he had been before
And many against him came
Running with all speed
And then indignant now he came
If you please them to read
Would you hear more in time you may
My pen's at your commanding
I've got no more as yet to say
For there I left him standing

TAFFY'S INDICTMENT.

IMPRIMIS.

FOR troubling the shepherd to help him out of the pit.

Item, For selling the Jerkin for a groat which was rowed.

Item, For casting dust into the hostess's son's face.

Item, For casting the fish and rotten eggs into the hostess's face.

Item, For throwing apples at the country-man and hitting the worst of it himself.

Item, For taking the gold ring.

Item, For calling the Justice Booby.

Item, For sitting in the stocks with an old woman.

Item, For creeping into the smock-loft, and then falling down into the fire.

Item, For acting the part of the devil, and putting all the house in deadly fear.

Item

Item, For scaring all the children in the town.

Item, For scaring the Sexton in the church.

For which loose behaviour he was obliged to stand in the pillory; where we shall leave him till the next pranks he plays.



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